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FRANKLIN SOULE, EDITOR.

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The Republican.

NEW SERIES.

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[NUMBER 30.]

POETRY.

The Columbian, a New York Magazine, has the following translation from the Mexican poet of Vera Cruz. The verses have much poetical merit.

"RIO BRAVO."

A MEXICAN LAMENT.

Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo!
Saw men ever such a sight?
Since the field of Roncesvalles
Saw the fate of many a knight!

Dark is Pato Alto's story,
Sad Rencosa Palma's route,
On those fatal fields so gay,
Many a gallant life went out.

There our best and bravest lances,
Shivered 'gainst the Northern steel,
Left the valiant hearts that couched them,
'Neath the Northern charger's heel.

Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo!
Minstrel! never know such a sight,
Since the field of Roncesvalles
Saw the fate of many a knight.

Rio Bravo! fatal river,
Saw ye not while red with gore,
Tore John all headless quiver,
A ghastly trunk upon thy shore?

Heard ye not the wounded couriers
Shrieking on your trampled banks,
As the Northern winged artillery
Thundered on our shattered ranks?

There Arista, best and bravest,
There Raguena, tried and true,
On the fatal field thou lovest,
Nobly did all men could do.

Vainly there those heroes rally,
Castles on Montezuma's shore,
"Rio Bravo!"—Roncesvalles,
Ye are names blent evermore.

Weepst thou lone lady Inez,
For thy lover 'mid the slain,
Brave La Vega's trenchant falchion
Cleft his slayer to the brain.

Brave La Vega, who all lonely,
By a host of foes beset,
Yielded up his valor only,
When his equal there he met.

Other champions not less noted,
Sleep beneath that silent wave,
Rio Bravo thou hast floated
An army to an ocean grave.

On they came, those Northern horsemen
On like eagles towards the sun,
Followed them the Northern bayonet,
And the field was lost and won.

O! for Orlando's horn to rally
His Paladins on that shore,
"Rio Bravo!"—Roncesvalles,
Ye are names blent evermore.

FOR THE SEAT OF WAR—FRENCH VOLUNTEERS.—The Philadelphia Sentinel states that C. W. Bagard, son of the French General Bertrand with five other Frenchmen, have volunteered their services to the United States Government in the war against Mexico and have been accepted. They passed through that city on their way to the seat of war.

"Is there old fellows alive now?" said an uncle to the teacher. "What old persons do you mean my dear?" "Why Paul and Luke and Deuteronomy, and them."

An advocate lately gained a suit for a very plain young woman. When she was told of her success, she exclaimed, "I have nothing to repay you with but my heart." "I shall not take any fees from you," answered the advocate, "you may hand it over to my clerk."

The N. Y. Mirror recommends that in reading the tales of flying rumors, the fly be dropped.

There is one man rich man whom the Daguerriens have tried three times to get a likeness of, but failed because he was too stingy to leave his shadow!

Now, my dear husband, why don't you call me by such names as other men call their wives? Why, what do other men call their wives, you fool!

Why, they call 'my duck' and 'my dear' and all such kind of words.

Well, what is a duck?

Why it's a fowl, to be sure.

Right, now what's a deer?

It's a beast, certainly.

Well, I'll call you 'foul beast,' now go about your business.

A GEN.—In an account of a lost child in Missouri, going the newspaper rounds we find a sentiment, that, for simple expression of that confident reliance on the Divine care, which should characterize a believer in a Providence, we have never seen surpassed. The little boy, narrating the incidents of his wanderings, when night came on, says—"It grew very dark, and I asked God to take care of little Johnny, and went to sleep."

"Pa," said one of those precocious geniuses yesterday, for which the present age is so remarkable, "pa," said he to his admiring sire, "the democrats must be very strong in New York, ain't they?" "Why do you ask that, sonny?" said the affectionate father—"Because," said the juvenile prodigy, "the papers say that the democrats carry New York."

The father insisted that William should be forthwith sent to school.—N. O. Delta.

A man entered a room where two ladies were sleeping, in Alimony, and stole their jewels, which were valuable. An Irishman hearing of the larceny, gallantly remarked: "An sure, the ladies who were the most valuable jewels, he didn't touch at all!"

A school-boy calculates the value of the world at one dollar, because it contains four quarters.

THE FENCIBLES.

Gov. Brown and the Fencibles.—Gov. Brown comes down upon the Natchez Fencibles like a thousand of brick, in the Free Trader. We judge from the tenor of the Governor's communication, that he wants to "fight a duel." He's as spunky as a mouse. He makes quite a plain showing in justification of his course, if what he says is true—but unfortunately we learn that no one believes him. The "honor and dignity of the State of Mississippi" must necessarily be high above par, since its governor is courting the "code of honor," and insinuating that he would like to have "coffee and pistols for two!" We give a portion of the Governor's epistle.

"The Natchez Fencibles, who, having less cause of complaint, than any other company in the State, have made more fuss. I state incontrovertible facts. On the 23d of this month, I received the letter of Thomas W. Clay, Capt. N. Fencibles, dated at Natchez on the 1st, reporting his company 'full, rank and officers, according to the requisition of the Secretary of War'—these were his words—were they true? The requisition was for companies of 80 privates and thirteen commissioned and non-commissioned officers, 93 men in all.

My proclamation required the Captains to receive no man who did not enter on a pledge of honor to march when ordered—now, I ask, had Mr. Clay a company of 93 men enrolled on a pledge of honor to march when ordered, at the time when he reported? Had he a company at all such as was required? He had not, and he knew it, all Natchez knew it then, they know it now.

I could not know that this report was untrue; it was presented to me on the morning of the 2d of this month. I believed it to be true and I accepted the company and issued an order to Mr. Clay to march to Vicksburg without delay. This order was delivered to him in Natchez on the third. Mr. C. did not march his company because at that time he had no company. He disobeyed his orders. He did not march for nearly a week, and then went to Vicksburg without a company, recruited there from early in the morning until 12 A. M. on the 9th and still had no company. He was then allowed to recruit in the line, after his men were drawn out for inspection. His roll was called over two or three times and still no company, such as was required by the Secretary of War. This company procured its acceptance by a false report of the commander, and I submit, whether it would not have been justice to have rejected them after this fact was made known. At no stage of the proceedings were the Fencibles ready for inspection. In the first place they set out with a false report, and in the next place they disobeyed orders, and in the third place, they leave the place of rendezvous and come to Jackson, breathing denunciation against me, held a meeting and applauded denunciatory speeches made by men who came here with them, behave in the most contemptible manner towards me and have the modesty to complain that I declined leaving my chamber at a late hour of the night to come out and listen to it. This is the company that complains of me. This is the Natchez Fencibles, who came to Jackson on a pilgrimage of valor to insult the Governor of the State. This company, which, with little else than the name of the Natchez Fencibles, boasts of its antiquity. [See note.]

You now know the cause which led to the rejection of the Natchez Fencibles. If Capt. Clay stated in his report to the Natchez meeting, other than what is here stated, he has said what is not true.

It is said that more rigid rules were observed towards the Fencibles than towards any other company. The statement so far as I am concerned (and so far as I believe of Gen. Duffield) is unqualifiedly false. I solemnly declare, and the public orders will show, (copies of them will be published when called for) that an indulgence was extended to the Natchez Fencibles that was not extended to any other company in the State.

As to burning or hanging me in effigy, I have this to say, that after such a fete of valor, the whole country will mourn that these brave fellows were not sent to Mexico. Brave, valiant, chivalrous men, to perpetrate under cover of night what no decent man dare avow in open day.

For my errors, if any errors have been committed, I ask forgiveness of the country. From its infirmity of my nature, I claim no exemption. I may have erred, and who has not? I know that in all my efforts I have endeavored to do right, and if I have spoken warmly, it is because I have been calumniated, and so help me God, whilst I have a tongue to speak or an arm to strike, no man shall screen himself from scorn and contempt by calumniating me. Very respectfully,

Your obdt. servt.

A. G. BROWN.

Our attention has been called to the fact, that "marrying and giving in marriage" has become unusually common of late. The papers contain a greater number of marriage notices than usual, and we have heard of several long engagements that have been suddenly brought to that "consummation so devoutly to be wished for." We were at a loss to account for this favorable tendency of the matrimonial market, until we met the following quotation in a late number of the Savannah Republican.

"When a man hath taken a new wife, he shall not go out to war, neither shall he be charged with any business; but he shall be free at home one year, and shall cheer up his wife which he hath taken."

Deuteronomy, xxiv. v.

This we are enabled to understand, why it is so many young gentlemen are flying to arms of the fair. They prefer such engagements and such arms to the arms of their country and engagements with the Mexicans. Well, Darby in the Poor Soldier is not alone in his opinion when he says:

"The best of all glory under the sun is to sit by the fire 'till the fatters are done."

EDITORIAL REMARK.—"How seldom it happens," said one friend to another, that we find editors who are bred to the business."—"Very" replied the other, "and have you not remarked how seldom the business is bread to the editors?"

A witness, on being questioned as to his knowledge of the defendant in a certain case, sententiously replied that he had "boarded with him, got drunk with him, and cowbird him."

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COLONIZATION MEETING.

Rev. Dr. Winans spoke next. He alluded to the report as containing an array of facts that ought to be spread before the people, and observed that no motive short of an ardent love for the cause of colonization could have induced him to leave certain important ecclesiastical engagements in the South [alluding to the General Conference of the Southern Methodist Church] in which he was engaged. He wished he could bring to the defence of the cause greater ability, but to his services such as they were, the society had always been and would always be heartily welcome.

In the advocacy of this cause he was an amateur—he entered upon it as an amateur, and was no feed advocate—but was prompted by an affection for it, conceived at an early period of his life and increased with maturer years. He was born to anti-slavery principles, nourished in them through his childhood and youth and those principles had never forsaken him. They were now strong within him and he expected to die an anti-slavery man. (Applause.)

For many years after becoming acquainted with slavery as a matter of fact, or a combination of facts, he was utterly hopeless with regard to its eradication from the national system. The subject seemed to him enveloped in utter darkness; not a ray of light shone upon it, and for a long time, though he desired it most devoutly, he saw not how, with safety to the country and happiness to the slave, it could be done away; and his conviction was then, as now, deliberate and fixed, that there could be no period to slavery without colonization—the only alternative being the sacrifice of the public safety and the ruin of the slave. (Applause.)

Colonization dawned upon the darkness which enveloped the subject and showed, to his perfect satisfaction, the means by which the country could be delivered from this incubus upon its prosperity and the blot upon its ecsthesion—a way consistent with the best interests of the nation and the happiness of the party to be benefited by the emancipation. This point he did not design to argue, but he would affirm that colonization was complete in due time to relieve the United States from the evil of slavery. (Applause.) and to put it among the things that have been.

He advanced this position with perfect confidence and he would further affirm that colonization alone could effect this result—a result desirable perhaps even more to the whites than to the colored people themselves. But for the name of liberty—he spoke advisedly—but for the name of liberty the slave of the United States was in the enjoyment of as much happiness as those of the domestic classes—the laboring class—perhaps in any community on the face of the earth. (Applause with faint hisses, the latter being responded to by repeated rounds of applause.)

The speaker assured the audience that the applause disturbed him more than the hissing. (Laughter and renewed applause.) He had no doubt of the truth of the position he had taken. A statement of facts would bear him out fully. It was of vast importance that slavery should be banished from this land, and he prayed most sincerely that the time might come when the foot print of the slave should not be found on our soil. If he could live to see that day he should shout most exultingly, albeit he was no great shouter although a Methodist. (Laughter.)

There were other considerations which endorsed the colonization enterprise in the speaker's mind. He was sure that the hearts of the audience must have been at the simple, touching narrative of the capture of the Pons. They might talk as much as they pleased against the cursed, hateful, odious slave trade—might call it piracy and punish it with death—still it would go on with an increase of its horrors. It could only be prevented and annihilated by colonization. Belt the coast of Africa with colonies and there would be no more slave trade, and perhaps it would not cease until then. But there was still another view of the subject, possessing great interest. The Africans have been considered as sitting in the greatest moral darkness—as more estranged from the knowledge of God and of salvation than any other nation on the earth. To enlighten them we have established missions, &c., at great expense both of life and money—an expense greatly disproportionate to the success. But this colony will become a mission and the Colonization Society one vast missionary enterprise—a point from which light shall radiate into the thick darkness that surrounds the people. And now the Gospel takes hold of the heart of the African, brings him to the foot of the cross, clothed and in his right mind, and saves him unto everlasting life.

The reverend gentleman then noticed some of the objections made to the colony of Liberia, as that the climate was unhealthy. He contended however, that it could be proved by statistics that the mortality was actually less than that of any newly established colony. Mr. Seymour having come over to take his family there if they will go and to return without them if they will not, was a sufficient answer to a thousand objections. The speaker said he knew but one objection and that was that the prosperity of the colony and its manifest capacity for becoming great and prosperous would excite the cupidity of Great Britain. He concludes an earnest and powerful address by declaring that he believed he should die an advocate of this enterprise, and that in heaven he should rejoice that he had done what he could for its promotion.

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CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, June 25, 1846.

SENATE.—Mr. Bright, on leave, introduced a bill to increase the pay of non-commissioned officers and privates of militia and volunteers, also, to allow the officers of the same a grant of land in certain cases. It was read twice and referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.

Mr. Pearce reported a bill providing for the publication and distribution of extra copies of the scientific works of the Exploring Expedition.

The resolution of Mr. Hannegan, providing for an adjournment of Congress on the 20th of July, was taken up. But Mr. H. being absent, a motion was made to postpone the subject till Monday.

Mr. Benton vehemently opposed it, on the ground that it was the duty of Congress first to provide for the security of our settlers beyond the Rocky Mountains.

Mr. Breeze opposed the object on the same ground. In addition to this, he was unwilling to surrender the power of adjournment to the House.

Mr. Sevier also opposed it. He wanted two weeks longer at least, for the maturing of important bills now awaiting action. It was rather singular that those Senators who now wanted to adjourn so early, were the very men who refused to meet early in the morning, and who refused to sit on Saturday.

Mr. Clayton moved to amend by inserting "the first Monday in August."

Mr. Fairfield said there has been plenty of time. Had there not been seven months of time and if Senators had not made good use of the time, was that any reason why Congress should sit for months longer? He was in favor of inserting the 27th of July, as he thought that would afford ample time for every thing, provided that Senators would but work. He was in favor of fixing a day, as experience had proved that when a day was fixed, the business would adapt itself to it.

Mr. Lewis said he took it for granted that no man who were in favor of a modification of the Tariff, would think of adjourning on the 20th of July, for he must know that there could not be time to consider such a bill, leaving alone other important measures.

After a very animated debate between Messrs. Sevier, Webster, Benton, Dickerson and others, the question was taken on a motion by Mr. Benton, to lay the whole subject on the table.

The vote was yeas 26, nays 23. So the whole matter was laid on the table.

A resolution providing for the daily meeting of the Senate hereafter at eleven o'clock, was offered and laid over.

The Senate then resumed the consideration of the bill introduced yesterday by Mr. Benton, providing for the organization of the volunteer forces, brought into the service of the United States, into brigades and divisions, and the appointment of the necessary number of general officers to command the same.

Mr. Crittenden offered a long amendment to the bill, relative to the appointment of the officers by the State.

This was debated at great length, after which it was rejected, as were also several other proposed amendments.

When this was closed, the Senate was still in session.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—After a call of the House, the consideration of the Tariff bill was resumed in committee of the whole.

Mr. Winthrop strenuously advocated the present tariff.

Messrs. Broadhead and Ewing followed on the same side.

Mr. Hubbard, of Virginia, advocated the free trade doctrine.

Most of the members having gone to dinner, a call of the House was ordered, but after a long time spent in the customary formalities, the proceedings in the call were dispensed with, and the House adjourned.

The fact is, those members who have made tariff speeches do not care about remaining, and those who do not intend to speak, have no idea of suffering martyrdom by such repeated inflictions.

The general impression now is, that Congress will not adjourn before the middle of August.—Ball. Sun.

HANNAH MOORE.

AN EXTRACT.

As I entered the drawing room at Bailey Wood, and approached the venerable lady, my respect for her worth, and admiration of her talent mingled in a feeling nearly approaching to awe. I could almost hear the beating of my heart. I did not then know the gentleness of her's. She was over eighty years old, seated in an easy arm chair, and clad in grey silk dress, her neck covered with a white muslin handkerchief, arranged with a simplicity becoming to her age. Her beautiful silvery hair was parted on her brow, and her expressive but truly feminine features were shaded by a simple and elegant cap. A shawl was thrown over her shoulders, and as she rose to meet us, nothing could be more striking than her whole appearance, nothing in better taste. There was no literary negligence, no studied plainness in her attire; but all was simple, graceful and harmonious as her character. She turned her lustrous dark eyes upon us as we entered; and as I attempted to kiss her hand she extended towards me, with that feeling of veneration which we all experience while in the presence of a superior mind, she withdrew it from mine; and laying it upon my head, said, in a fervent though gentle tone, "May the God of all grace be your portion, my child!" I was deeply touched—my eyes filled with involuntary tears. She saw my emotion, and understood my silence with that electric sympathy which exists in feeling hearts; she then, immediately addressing the rest of the party, she led the conversation to indifferent subjects. I never saw a more beautiful picture of old age. She looked like the venerable parent of meekness and gentleness, and the winning melody of her voice, with the graceful urbanity of her manner, were so captivating, that while in her society, respect and admiration softened with love, and one almost forgot that in the cause of religion and virtue, she had unflinchingly attacked the follies and vices of the day.

In a letter to her sister, written in 1782, she relates the following incident:

The other morning, the captain of one of Commodore Johnson's Dutch prizes, breakfasted at Sir Charles Middleton's, & related the following anecdote: One day he went out of his own ship to dine on board of another; while he was there, a storm arose, which in a short time made an entire wreck of his own ship, in which it was impossible for him to return. He had left on board two little boys, one four and the other five years old, under the care of a poor black servant; the people struggled to get out of the sinking ship into a large boat, and the poor black cook took his two boys, tied them into a bag, and putting in a pot of sweetmeats for them, along them across his shoulder, and put them into a boat. The boat by this time was quite full; the black was stepping into it himself, but was told by the master that there was no room for him, that either he or the children must perish, for the weight of both must sink the boat. The heroic negro did not hesitate a moment, "very well," said he, "tell my master to forgive all my faults; and then plunge me to the bottom, never to rise again till the sea shall give up her dead. I told the story the other day to Lord Monboddo, who fairly burst into tears. The Queen wants me to make an elegy of it, but it is above poetry."

From the N. O. Phrygane.

CULINARY ART IN TEXAS PRAIRIES.

The following graphic account of the straits to which the Texan Rangers are sometimes reduced for cooking materials, addresses itself to "the charity that believeth all things"—nevertheless many things have had their day as sooth, which are not quite as credible as this. There is no compulsion intended upon the credit of anybody, tho' the story, all must admit, is easier of deglutition than the meat was when roasted.

MATAMOROS, June 13, 1846.

Rare wages may be found among the Texan volunteers, yet the funniest fellows of all is a happy-go-lucky chap named Bill Dean, one of Chevalier's company, and said to be one of the best "seven up" players in all Texas. While at Corpus Christi, a lot of us were sitting out on the stoop of the Kinney House, early one morning, when along came Bill Dean. He did not know a single soul in the crowd, although he knew we were all bound for the Rio Grande; yet the fact that the regular formalities of an introduction had not been gone through with, did not prevent his stopping short in his walk and accosting us.

His speech, or harangue, or what ever may be termed, will lose much in the telling, yet I will endeavor to put it upon paper in as good shape as possible. "Oh yes," said he, with a knowing leer of the eye, "oh, yes; all goin' down among the robbers on the Rio Grande, are you? Fine times you'll have over the left. I've been there, myself, and done what a good many of you won't do—I come back; but if I didn't eat natural h—ll; in August at that—I am a teapot. Lived eight days on one poor hawk and three blackberries—couldn't kill a prairie rat on the whole route to save us from starvation. The ninth day come, and we struck a small streak of good luck—a horse give out and broke down, plumb out in the centre of an open prairie—not a stick in sight big enough to tickle a rattlesnake with, let alone killing him. Just had time to save the critter by shootin' him, an that was all, for in three minutes longer he'd have died a natural death. It didn't take us long to butcher him, nor long to cut off some chunks of meat and stick 'em on our ramrods, but the cookin' was another matter. I piled up a heap of prairie grass, for it was high and dry, and set it on fire; but it flamed up like powder and went out as quick. But—"

"But," put in one of his hearers, "but how did you cook your horse meat after that?"

"How?"

"Yes, how?"

"Why, the fire caught the high grass close by, and the wind carried the flames streakin' across the prairie. I followed up the fire, holding my chunk of meat direct over the hottest part of the blaze, & the way we went it was caution to anything short of locomotive doings. Once in a while a little flurry of wind would come along, and the fire would get a few yards the start; but I'd brush upon her, lap her with my chunk, and then we'd have it again up and back. You never seed such a tight race—it was beautiful."

"Very, we've no doubt," ejaculated one of the listeners, interrupting the man was just in season to give him a little breath; "but did you cook your meat in the end?"

"Not bad I didn't, I chased that d—d fire a mile and a half, the almighty hardest race you ever heerd tell on, and never gave it up until I ran my right plumb into a wet marsh; there the fire and chunk of horse meat come out even—a dead heat, especially the meat."

"But wasn't it cooked?" put in another of the listeners.

"Cooked! no!—just chased over a little. You don't cook broken down horse flesh very easily, but when it comes to chasing up a prairie fire with a chunk of it, I don't know which is toughest, the meat or the job. You'd have laughed to split yourself to have seen me in that race—to see the fire leave me at times, and then to see me a brushin' up on her again, hopin' and movin' myself as 'tho' I was a minotaur again some of those big ten mile an hour Gilderalecks in the old States. But I'm goin' over to Jack Hayne's to get a cocktail and some breakfast—Oh see you all down among the robbers on the Rio Grande."

And so saying Bill Dean stalked off. I saw the chap this morning in front of a Mexican fondle, trying to talk Spanish with a Greaser and endeavoring to convince him that he was a "d—d robber." Such is one of Bill Dean's stories—if I could only make it as effective on paper as it did in telling, it would draw a laugh from those fond of the ludicrous.

G. W. K.